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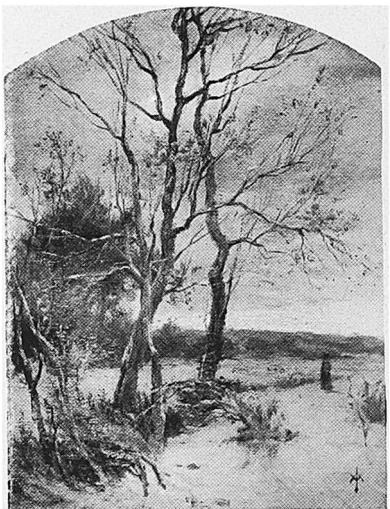
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SYMPATHY WITH NATURE IN MODERN ART

BY DORA READ GOODALE

With original illustrations by Albert Insley.

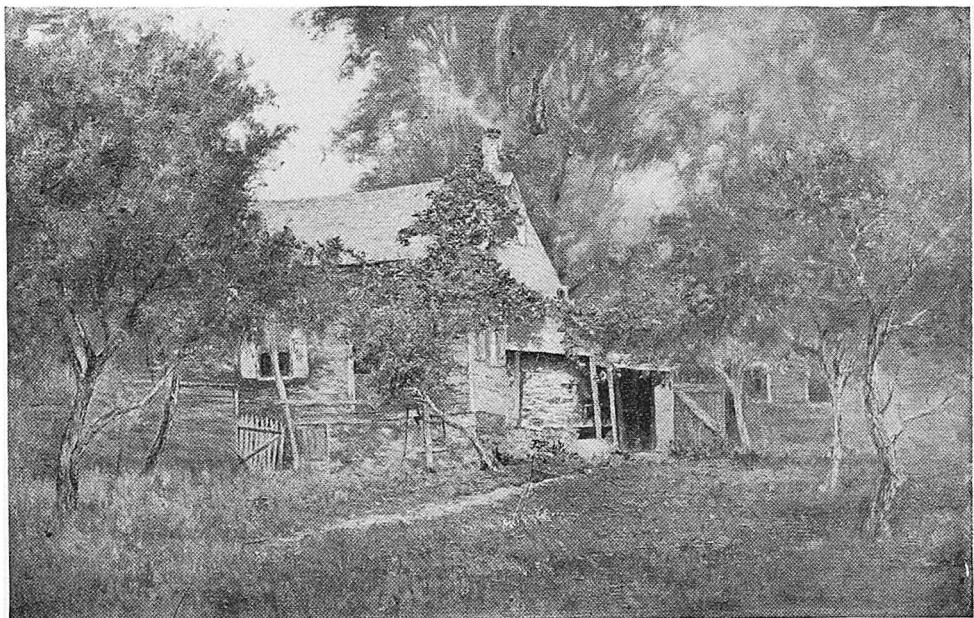


A WINTRY AFTERNOON

IT has been said that "the love of nature," in the modern sense, is a purely modern production—that the delight in natural scenery and the whole objective universe, for its intrinsic charm, which all the world in these days either feels or professes to feel, was entirely unknown to a simpler and less sophisticated age. Without accepting this assertion too literally, there can be no question that so modern a thing as classified science has given the impulse to a vast amount of minute, painstaking, interested observation of natural laws and phenomena—investigations carried on in a spirit half esthetic, half systematic, and closely associated with a love of the out-door world. John Burroughs, Frank Bolles, Bradford Torrey and a score of others can scarcely trace back their literary ancestry farther than to White of Selborne; a period of less than four centuries covers the history of landscape-painting, while



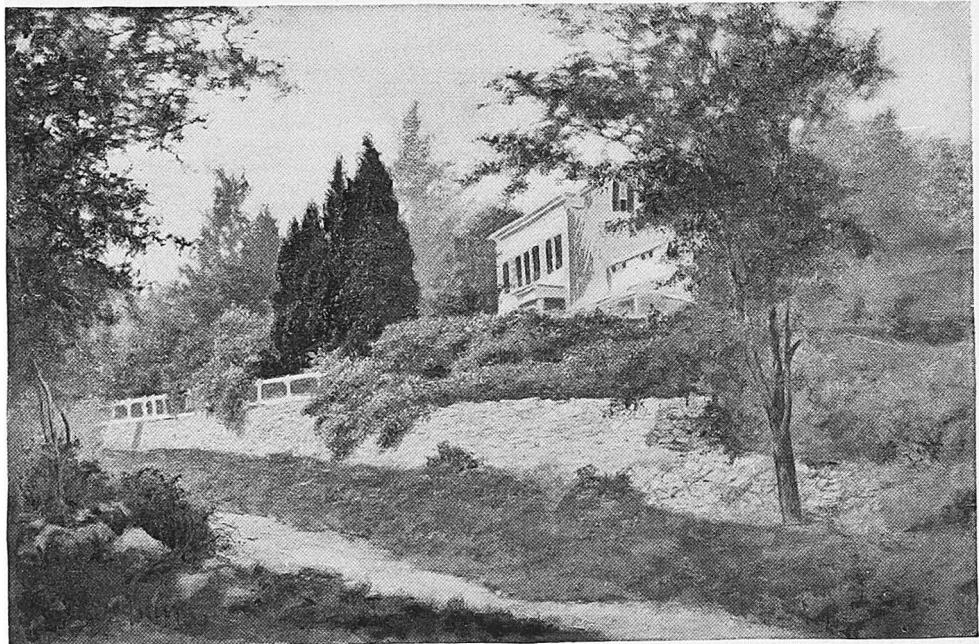
THE ICE-BOUND STREAMS



THE OLD LANSING BLAUVELT HOMESTEAD, NANUET, N. Y.

its general use as anything but a setting for the human drama is much more recent.

A brilliant friend declares that there are three ways of approaching a flower—botanically, sensuously, and sympathetically or spiritually. Yonder blossom, for in-



A TERRACED GARDEN

stance, which the herbalist (all honor to him!) would dissect and put under his microscope, is to his neighbor's perception, the poet's

“ rose, embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered ;—”

in short, a miracle of form, fragrance and hue; while another transfers it to a higher domain, seizes on its ideal significance, and exclaims with George Herbert,—

“ Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die ! ”

Leaving science out of the account, we have here two ways of dealing with nature, as applicable to the painter as to the poet. The masters who can interpret her—who can give a broadly human rendering of a rock, a hillside, or a piece of ploughed ground—men like Millet, Corot, George Inness and Elbridge Kingsley—are few in any generation; but a great deal of the best artistic talent in America goes every year to the painting of landscapes and marines, and few pictures shown in the exhibitions are, on the whole, more refreshing and satisfying. The hurry and nervous excitement of



A FAVORITE STROLL



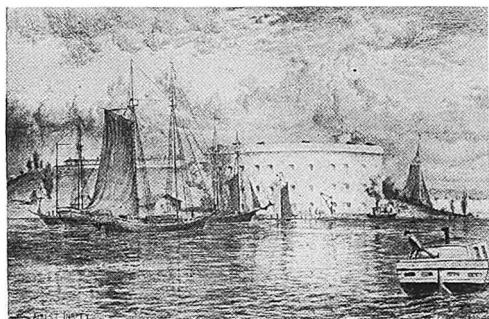
A WINTER SUNSET

life since good old Leisure was finally disposed of, makes this development of art something for quiet folks to be especially thankful for.

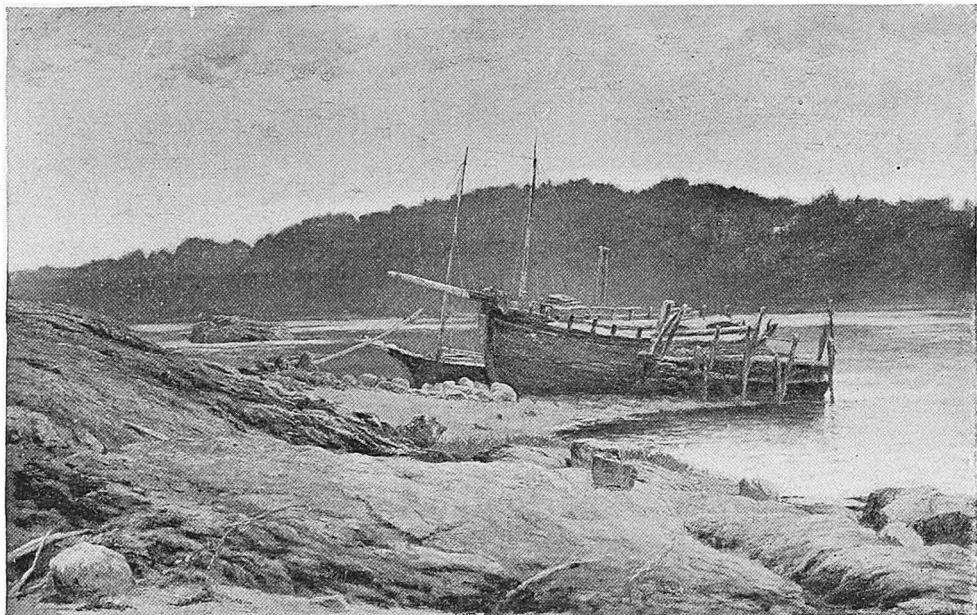
The eleven accompanying pictures by Albert Insley bear the unmistakable stamp of close observation and genuine delight in the lesser creation, and their harmonious composition, freshness and directness of treatment are very attractive. Evidently this is no mere studio-work; there is air among his tree-tops and distance in his perspectives. Pictures like these, that can rest the eye and soothe the heart, are good to live with. Delightfully free from affectation or mannerisms, Mr. Insley is chiefly concerned with simple country scenes, and the homely old-fashioned "back door" and "back yard," with its inviting foot-path and shady porch, which even in black-and-white carries an agreeable transparency and mellow-ness of coloring, pleases us better than the more pretentious villa which follows it. In truth, the suburban enthusiast is sometimes forced to acknowledge



A PRIVATE LANDING



CASTLE WILLIAM: NEW YORK HARBOR

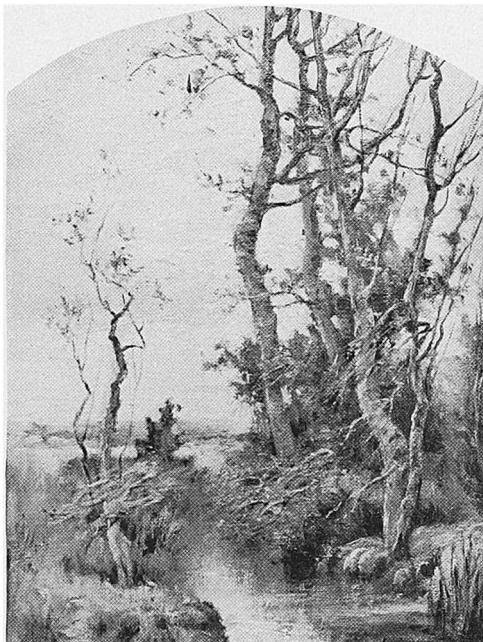


ON THE COAST OF MAINE

that all his taste has not done for him what a little comfortable neglect has done for the bestreaked red clapboards and mossy roof of a neighboring farmhouse.

It is pleasant to note that Mr. Insley has not confined himself to the summer-aspect of nature, so industriously canvassed now by classes of art-students in many and many a newly discovered Arcadia. More than half of the landscapes reproduced here are wintry scenes, including that which is to our mind the strongest and most suggestive among them—the sketch of snow-encumbered road with its two humble figures, under the gleaming portents of a winter's sky. The ice-bound stream is another fine bit of work, showing great delicacy and restraint in the veiled gray tones. Love of the frozen earth and the denuded trees is after all the touchstone of real nature-worship.

The representation of New England contained in a vacation-portfolio, when compared with the continuous record of an all-the-year resident, is as Kipling's estimate of a Yankee town compared with that of the author of "Quabbin."



THE MYSTERY OF AUTUMN



THE ROCK-BOUNDED COAST OF MAINE



Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. VI.—THE COUNT'S DAUGHTERS

Wulffild and Waldtraut, unknown to themselves, are both the Count's daughters—Waldtraut of the wife of the charcoal-burner, Volrat, before his marriage. Volrat regards her as his child, and is enraged because she is restrained at Treseburg.